

★ **FEATURING**  
**DICK COLE ★ EDISON BELL**

SEPTEMBER OCTOBER



# BLUE BOLT

10¢

WHAT ARE  
YOU DOING  
FOR YOUR  
COUNTRY?

V...

WOMEN  
WAR WORKERS!

LEAVE YOUR CHILDREN  
AT  
EDISON BELL'S  
PLAYGROUND  
A FREE SERVICE  
FOR VICTORY

FRED  
BELL

Vol 4  
No 3

BLUE  
BOLT







WEB COMIC  
UNIVERSE.COM



## YE EDITORS' PAGE

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Dear Gang:

How'd you like to see a couple of excited editors dancing a jig of glee. There's not room among the ink bottles and paste pots to turn cartwheels as we'd like to do, BUT we'll bet that you'll roll off a few when you see what's coming up in the next issue of BLUE BOLT.

Here's the dope! Every comic magazine editor is always on his toes—like "Diogenes searching for an honest man" (ask your pa about that one)—trying to find something new and different for his magazine; something that has a punch like a champion heavyweight's right; something that the readers will go for in a great big way. Well pals and gals, we've found it and we're starting packing that punch right into the next issue of BLUE BOLT.

BLUE BOLT'S going to bring you what we believe to be the most exciting and interesting true story that has ever appeared in a comic magazine. It's the thrilling, blood tingling American adventures of one of Uncle Sam's fightin'est aviator nephews, Lt. Clarence E. Dickinson, United States Navy (now Lt. Com.), and his Scouting Squadron 6 at the battles of Pearl Harbor, the Marshall Islands, Wake and Midway Islands.

Lt. Com. Dickinson, an Annapolis man, has been awarded the Navy Cross with two gold stars—the same as three Navy crosses—and an air medal for heroism. It would be hard to find a better fitted man to tell this exciting story of our Pacific battle lines because of Dickinson's photographic eye for detail and his vivid memory. His collaboration with Boyden Sparkes, his own uncle, produces a smash story hit that almost any editor would jump to grab.

Several of Dickinson's pals in Scouting Squadron 6 were killed at Pearl Harbor and the other battles in which the Squadron took part. That is why his story bears the title, "I FLY FOR VENGEANCE", and vengeance with a capital V is just what he exacts from those yellow sons of Nippon. The same story was recently published (and was probably read by your Mothers and Dads) in an outstanding national magazine. The same story, but under the title "Flying Guns," is also published in book form by Charles Scribner's Sons, so you can see that BLUE BOLT is really scooping the comic magazine field with some "big time" material for you.

In fact, the editors will bet their hats that "I Fly For Vengeance" will be the number one story, bar none, on your list of comic hits. The 'ole swimmin' hole, the baseball diamond, etc., will probably take second place in your affections until you have finished each installment of this flying fighter's adventures and have felt yourself flying in spirit with him as he opens up with his "fifties" and makes another Jap join "not-so-honorable ancestors."

Now here's the pay-off. If you like this story the way we think you will, the editors have more of its kind hot on the griddle, real live American heroes in true World War II action, truth that's more exciting than any fiction. It's history, sure, but in its easiest to learn form, because this is history almost as fast as it is being made and directly affecting all Americans today.

O.Keh, gang, this is the stuff you've been asking for, and if you'll pardon a weak pun, the editors are giving it to you with a "Vengeance."

Cordially,

THE EDITORS

P.S. We have a bunch of swell letters from you that we intended to put on this page this month, but we'll have to save them until the next issue because we thought you'd be more interested now in hearing the good news about how your requests for a better BLUE BOLT are being answered.

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# DICK COLE

A GRIM SECRET FROM THE GRAVE HAUNTS DICK COLE AND SIMBA KARNO. IT'S A DYNAMITE-PACKED ADVENTURE WHICH EXPLODES WITH A WHIRLWIND CHASE!



ALFAGALY  
COPY BY  
KAPITAN!

MILES FROM FARR ACADEMY, A LETTER IS BEING PENNED—A LETTER THAT WILL HAVE GREAT SIGNIFICANCE FOR SIMBA KARNO!

THERE... IT'S FINISHED! I WONDER—

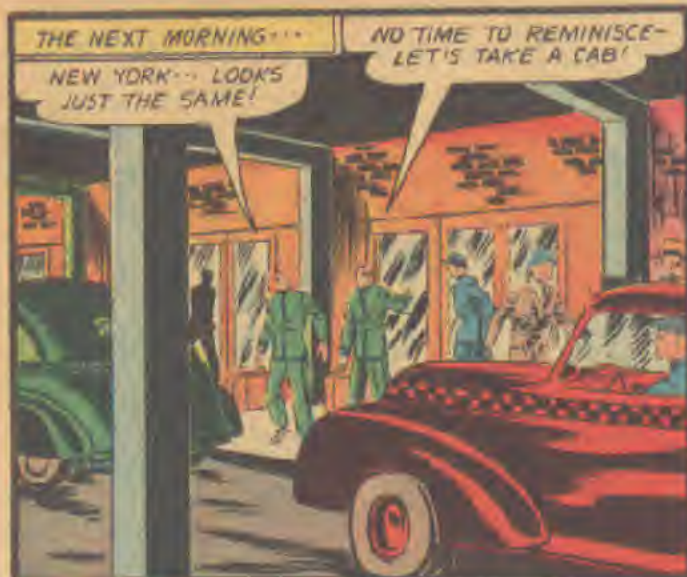
I WONDER IF HE'LL HELP? SIMBA'S MEMORIES OF DOCTOR KARNO ARE NOT LIKELY TO BE PLEASANT... FATHER WAS A BIT OF A STINKER!

















Dearest Daughter  
Although my arched  
life is ending, I hope to  
ask my conscience and  
make amends to the  
country I so loved.  
This oval contains a  
super-explosive  
possessing undreamed-  
of power! Turn it  
over to the United States  
Army Ordnance  
Department.  
Do not fail in this  
trust! Your loving father,  
Doctor Karno.

GOOD GRIEF!  
DOCTOR KARNO WAS  
A GREAT CHEMIST,  
SO THIS EXPLOSIVE  
IS PROBABLY EVERY-  
THING HE SAYS IT  
IS!



WHAT SHALL  
I DO!

EXACTLY AS  
DOCTOR KARNO  
SAYS!

RIGHT!



JUST THEN...

PARDON, MISS-  
CAPTAIN BENDER,  
OF THE UNITED STATES  
ARMY WANTS TO SEE YOU.

BENDER?



DID YOU SEND  
FOR HIM?

NO. I DON'T UNDER-  
STAND IT. SHOW HIM IN,  
PERKINS.



HOW DO YOU DO,  
MISS KARNO!

WHAT IS IT YOU  
WANT, CAPTAIN?



BEFORE YOUR FATHER  
DIED HE TOLD THE  
ORDNANCE DEPARTMENT  
ABOUT A SMALL BOX  
YOU WERE TO—  
THERE IT IS!

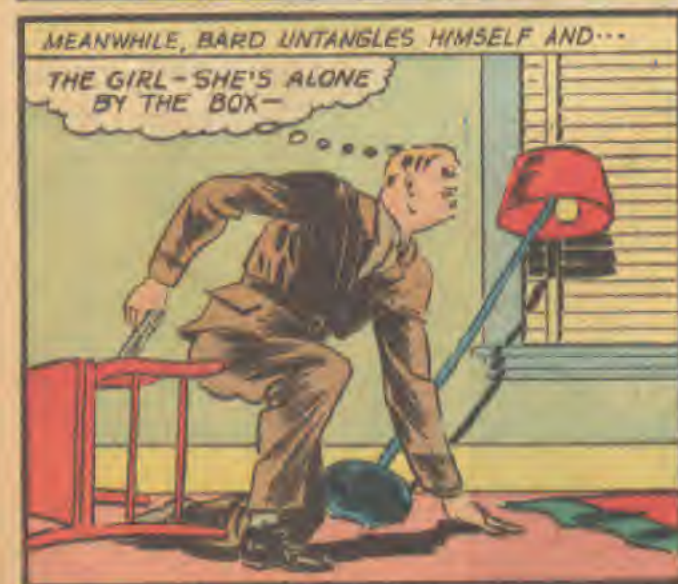
HAVE YOU  
OFFICIAL  
CREDENTIALS?



















YOU TAKE THE WHEEL, DICK!

YOU BET! YOU'RE LIABLE TO DRIVE THE CAR THROUGH THE COUNTY COURTHOUSE!



THEY TURNED RIGHT, DICK

HANG ON!



MOMENTS LATER, ON A COUNTRY ROAD---

THERE THEY ARE! GIVE HER THE JUICE!

SIT DOWN, SIMBA, BEFORE YOU FALL OUT!



THEY'RE PULLING IN AT THAT FARM-HOUSE!

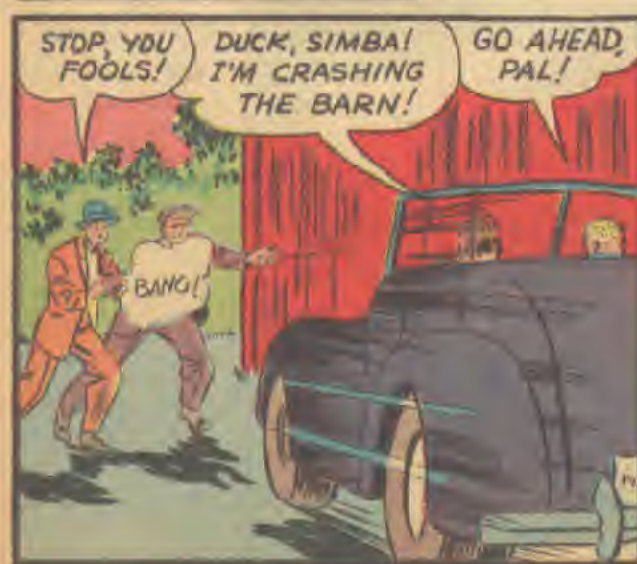
YOU TAKE CARE OF THOSE PESTS IN THE CAR BACK THERE, WHILE I TAKE THE GIRL TO THE BARN.

GO AHEAD, BARD--- YOU'LL TAKE CARE OF DOSE MEDDLERS!

INSIDE, GIRL!

NO-- YOU DON'T!

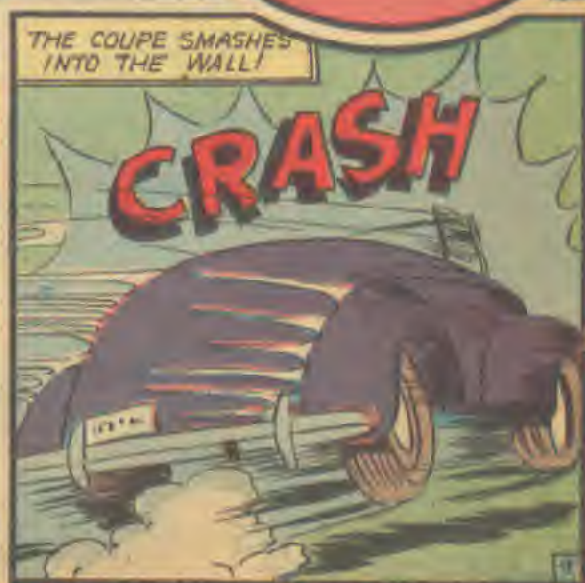
JA!



STOP, YOU FOOLS!

DUCK, SIMBA! I'M CRASHING THE BARN!

GO AHEAD, PAL!



THE COUPE SMASHES INTO THE WALL!

CRASH





THINGS LOOK BAD FOR DICK AND JEAN—BUT WHO CAN TELL? THE NEXT ISSUE OF BLUE BOAT WILL HOLD THE CONCLUDING INSTALLMENT OF "DOCTOR KARNO'S SECRET"

MEANWHILE, DON'T FAIL YOUR UNCLE SAM! KEEP BUYING WAR BONDS AND STAMPS



# Sergeant SPOOK













"THIS FELLOW'LL BE A BOON TO THE GUYS WHO MAKE RAT TRAPS!"



"AND HERE'S THE PERFECT WIND-UP FOR ANOTHER SNAKE-IN-THE-GRASS-HIRSHITO!"



"AND EVEN THE PIGS DON'T WANT ANYTHING TO DO WITH THIS MUG!"



BUT, TELL ME-DO YOU HAVE TO STAY LIKE THAT FOREVER?

NO, WE STAY THIS WAY TILL WE DO SOMETHING SINCERELY GOOD! THEN WE RETIRE TO GHOST TOWN IN PEACE.



LOOKS AS THOUGH I'D HAVE TO GET USED TO...

HERE COMES THAT COP AGAIN. BE QUIET, YOU TWO.

UH-OH!



STAY PUT, KID AND KEEP OUT OF TROUBLE!

TRUBLE!

















# EDISON BELL







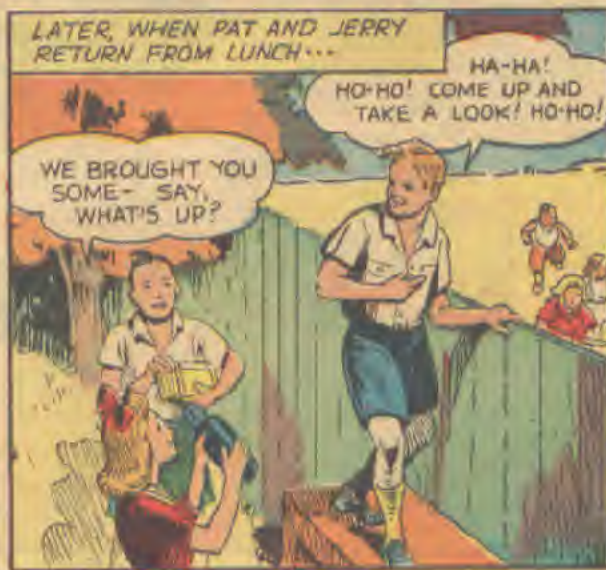


















EDISON BELL'S

# Back Yard Playground

**I**N THE FOREGOING STORY EDDIE SHOWS HOW HE PUT A PLAYGROUND LIKE THIS TO GOOD USE... YOU MIGHT DO THE SAME OR SIMPLY HAVE THE PLEASURE OF BUILDING AND USING THESE EASY-TO-MAKE PROJECTS.

by *Ray Gill*

**SIMPLE MERRY-GO-ROUND.**  
A PLANK, WITH HANDLES - AND FIRMLY BUT LOOSELY ATTACHED TO A STOUT POST IS ALL THAT IS NEEDED.



SANDPAPER PLANK FREE OF SPLINTERS. THIS APPLIES TO ALL PROJECTS.



**SEE SAW!**  
PLANK WITH HANDLES ON ANY SAW HORSE OR LARGE LOG.

## A KELLY SLIDE.

NOTE THE SIMPLE, SAFE CONSTRUCTION. PLANK COVERED WITH OLD LINOLEUM - AND TWO LONG 3"x4" ROUNDED BOARDS FOR HAND RAILS.

HAND RAILS SANDED ON TOP TO SMOOTH, ROUND FINISH.



**OLD**

# CAP HAWKINS'

## TRUE TALES

LET ME TELL YOU, JOEY,  
THE MOST SENSATIONAL  
WEAPON OF THIS WAR IS  
THE AMERICAN FLYING  
FORTRESS! IT'S ALMOST  
IMPOSSIBLE FOR THE  
NAZIS TO KNOCK IT  
OUT OF THE SKIES!

THIS IS THE STORY OF  
A FLYING FORTRESS  
NICKNAMED "THE THUNDERBIRD."  
FLOWN BY A TEN-MAN CREW,  
IT WENT ON A RAID OVER  
THRUU DURING THE  
AFRICAN CAMPAIGN.

**BOMBS  
AWAY!**

**HEY!  
THEY GOT  
US!**

**GOSH! BOTH  
OUR OUTER  
MOTORS  
ARE  
GONE!**

**YEAH-  
AND WE'RE  
LOSING  
ALTITUDE  
AND  
SPEED!**



THE OTHER BOMBERS AND THE FIGHTER ESCORTS, RUNNING LOW ON GAS, ARE FORCED TO LEAVE THE CRIPPLED SHIP BEHIND, AS THEY TURN HOMEWARD.



HERE THEY COME, SKIPPER—AT LEAST THIRTY OF THEM!



ALL HANDS TO THE GUNS! WE HAVEN'T MUCH OF A CHANCE—WE'RE LOSING FIVE HUNDRED FEET A MINUTE, BUT WE CAN TAKE SOME OF THEM WITH US!



THAT MAKES SIX—AT LEAST!



THEY'RE RUNNING, SKIPPER!

ALL THE GUNS ARE GONE—HEY, MAC, THE SKIPPER WANTS US FORWARD!



MEN, WE HAVE ABOUT ONE CHANCE IN A HUNDRED TO MAKE IT—SHALL WE ABANDON THE THUNDERBIRD AND CHANCE THE SILK?



LET'S GET HER BACK IN VICTORY!

WE'LL STICK!

AW, THERE'S PLENTY OF LIFE LEFT IN THE OLD GIRL!





OKAY, FELLOWS--  
SPREAD OUT AND TRY  
TO GET HER ON AN  
EVEN KEEL!



THE PILOT NURSE'S THE "THUNDER-  
BIRD" UP FROM ITS DANGEROUS  
NINE-HUNDRED-FOOT ALTITUDE.



BAD NEWS! THE CHARTS  
SAY THE LOWEST PASS  
THROUGH THOSE MOUNTAINS  
IS 1600 FEET!



HEY! ANYONE  
WANT TO GET  
OUT? NEXT STOP  
IS HOME PORT!



WHEW! THE OLD  
GAL CAN SURE TAKE  
HER MOUNTAINS!



HOW MUCH  
FARTHER?

WE HAVE STILL  
400 MILES TO GO!  
THINK WE CAN  
MAKE IT?



WE'RE RUNNING  
LOW ON GAS!---  
I DON'T KNOW---

AFTER WHAT WE'VE  
BEEN THROUGH, I'LL  
BET SHE'LL RUN  
ON AIR!





MEANWHILE, BACK AT THE  
"THUNDERBIRD'S" BASE...

FIVE HOURS OVER-  
DUE - I GUESS WE'LL  
HAVE TO CHALK  
THEM OFF!

THERE'S ALWAYS  
HOPE - ESPECIALLY  
IF IT'S A  
FORTRESS!

AND, ALMOST TWO  
HOURS LATER...

HEY! IT'S  
THE FORTRESS!  
SHE MADE  
IT!

SEND UP  
A FLARE!

LOOK AT  
THOSE WINGS!  
THEY CAN'T  
POSSIBLY  
MAKE IT IN!

THEIR BRAKES  
ARE SMASHED!  
THEY'LL CRACK!

C'MON, OLD LADY -  
YOU HAVE AN  
AUDIENCE NOW!

HEY! WE'RE HUNGRY!  
GOT ANY FOOD  
LEFT?

ONE TANK DRY,  
AND ALL OF TWENTY  
GALLONS OF GAS IN  
THE OTHER!

NICE WORK,  
BOYS!!

HERE'S TO THE  
BIRD THAT CAN'T  
BE BEAT!

THREE CHEERS  
FOR THE  
"THUNDERBIRD!"



# GROWING PAINS

## THE GREAT CHANGE.

Charlie realized, had come neither too late nor too soon to save him the abject humiliation of getting up in front of the crowd next week and doing his stuff. Next week was the play. And Charlie's voice had been playing dirty tricks. Squeaky tricks that suddenly turned basso. It was . . . awful . . .

"Hi, sweetie-pie!" a voice hailed which went falsetto then mock basso, followed by a chorus of amused laughter. "Had your singing lesson yet? Hear you're going soprano this year—"

Charlie pulled off to the side and turned. Down the walk he saw his tormentors, the same ones who had been pestering him ever since the change had set in.

"I'll push the teeth down the throat of the guy who said that," Charlie threatened. "Think it's funny—"

"It is funny, Charlie," one of the boys admitted, a wide grin making freckles wriggle across a stubby nose. "You haven't got a sense of humor, that's all!"

"Humor!" Charlie snapped. "If it was the other way around—"

"We'd go into the movies. Or on the radio."

Again laughter burst out and Charlie pulled himself together. "Scram, bums," he growled, carefully keeping his voice under control. "I don't want to be bothered." Charlie shut the words

off. He felt it coming and buttoned up his lips.

"There he goes again!" someone chuckled. "Hit it, Charlie—"

Charlie turned on his heel. He was burned up. But a guy had to remember that they were his pals . . . Usually. They meant it in fun but sometimes even pals forgot themselves and rubbed it in. Sense of humor, eh? Charlie headed home.

There was rehearsal tonight. Charlie's parents didn't let him forget it, although he'd tried to for days now.

"You're to go to the hall tonight," Charlie's mother reminded him at supper. "It's only next week, you know and—"

Dad said, "You may have stage-fright—"

"If I'm there!"

Mrs. Lane said, "I won't let you back out because of some silly affliction—"

"Silly! Afflic —" Charlie's voice hit a hither-to unknown high and Charlie cut the words off half way up the scale. Hot color ran up into his face again and his father chuckled. Charlie burst out, "If you people don't—" His voice bassoed with dignity and Charlie beat it. He'd just reached desert too: breadpudding with plenty of raisins and nutmeg. . . .

REHEARSAL WAS a dismal operation. Charlie hung back till Miss Crandall called. "Char-

lie. This is where you make your entrance—"

"Exit, you mean," Charlie muttered. "I'm out—"

"Out!" Miss Crandall's cageling smile slipped into its place. "You can't—"

"No?" Charlie snapped. "You don't kn—" He cut it off as he felt the thing about to happen. He backed up behind the wings, aware of the laughter that swept the little group scattered over the stage. Well, they weren't making a rap out of him. He blurted. "I'd be the laughing stock—"

"Nonsense," Miss Crandall snapped and Charlie could see her struggling to keep her face straight when his voice-box kinked and warbled. "No one will notice. Go over your lines, Charlie. You can't let me down. What would I do?"

"I'm no actor—"

"Don't kid yourself!" a voice out of the little group said. "Take a listen to yourself sometime, Charlie."

Charlie stuck to his guns all though he received more than one broadside during the next few days. It was pretty tough. His mother stormed and threatened, his father tried to look serious and bubbled over behind the sanctity of his paper.

The much dreaded night rolled around and Mom announced, "Just dress up, young men, and march right down there with us. If you think you're getting off scot free—"

Charlie groaned. "Do I have to go?"

Charlie went to the benefit. Before long he realized that the whole thing was a flap. Half the audience was made up of soldiers from the nearby post. They were bored.

Charlie glanced around. All about him soldiers were fidgeting in their seats restlessly, whis-



pering among themselves; the majority paid no attention. The whole thing was an abject debacle. Charlie felt sorry. . . .

Between a case of stage fright and forgotten lines, Pete Cramer had just added the finishing touches. The curtain went down. Only spasmodic applause greeted the appearance of the sweating star.

**CHARLIE NEVER** quite knew why he did it. He felt sorry for the soldiers who were actually sorry enough for themselves. He got up with a mumbled excuse that he wanted a drink, then made his way back stage where Miss Crandall was working herself into a lather trying to get Pete Cramer straightened out. "You've got to do better, Peter!" Miss Crandall protested. She was, Charlie saw, on the verge of fits. Charlie chuckled. Miss Crandall saw him and cried, "Charlie. . ."

She almost hugged him. And Charlie was torn by doubt. He was a sap, a simpleton? What had ever possessed him to do this? Those soldiers. . . .

"I'll take over," Charlie announced, his voice bordering the cracking point. He warded Miss Crandall off dexteriously. "Have a heart—"

"You're going to do it?" Miss Crandall cried. "Charlie—"

Someone yelled, "You're on!"

It was, Charlie recalled, scene three. The last . . . in more ways than one. His knees were doing stunts that didn't make the standing secure. He had a moment of panic. Then he was facing the people in the big auditorium. For a split second there was silence, then a ripple of applause that caught more as it went along and sent Charlie's heart hammering like sixty.

Charlie tried to forget the audience. He faced across the

stage, assuming nonchalance as Vivian Wright came out opposite. Vivian took a look and her look of benign indifference was swept instantly aside. Color stole into her cheeks and her eyes widened with amusement and amazement. . . .

Somewhere in back a cat-call rang out. Someone whistled. "Hi, sweetie-pie—"

Charlie faced his heckler. He recognized the voice and lifted his own to make himself heard. "I'll see you after school tomorrow. When I—" Charlie's voice bassoed, then started up sharply.

Amusement was mirrored on the faces of the people in the audience. Bert Clayton, the orchestra leader asked, "Where's that mezzo-soprano you had last night, Charlie?"

"None of your darn—" Charlie stopped. His voice did it again and once more laughter swept the crowd. For a moment he hesitated, glaring out at them noting that the soldiers were laughing too, getting a kick out of him!

"Charlie," Bert called, "Some of the boys were telling me today that you—"

"It's a lie!" Charlie snapped. "You listen to m—" He stopped. It was too late. His voice soared beautifully hitting another unknown note. It rang out through the other sounds of the hall and Charlie himself marvelled that the human voice could attain such a level. It was . . . awe-inspiring. When it wasn't a pain the neck—

Bert Clayton didn't let up. Charlie came back at him and his answers went sky-larking only to drop to deep basso. Then he discovered that he had some control over the crazy gyrations. He noted the grinning, laughing soldiers. He hesitated. . . .

"I've got a little poem," Charlie managed to announce. He

felt hot and sweaty but determined. He looked at Bert. Charlie asked, "How about sound effects—"

"You're all the sound effects you need!"

Charlie glowered, plunged. "The Village Miss stood on the green, down street she spied her lover."

"She cried aloud—" Charlie's voice hit high C. Applause buried several lines; then, "—he hurried swiftly toward her and, despite her warts, her freckled nose, he vowed he'd always love her!"

"For, the war had come, the girls had gone, he knew there was no other!"

"She called his name—" Charlie's voice achieved new grandeur as it rose once more. The response was tremendous. There was no let-up.

The poem was over. The Village Miss was obliterated under the confusion of noise and there wasn't a chance for even a guy with a . . . soprano voice. He couldn't conclude his bratchild so he beat a retreat. A hasty one!

"**YOU SAVED the show,**" Dad conceded next morning when Charlie took his place uneasily at the breakfast table. "You were swell. You . . . wowed 'em!"

Charlie poured milk over his cereal. "I'm still going to settle with a couple of guys," he grumbled carefully. "After what they called me—"

"Mezzo-soprano?"

"Worse," Charlie complained. "They said I didn't have a sense of humor! Imagine."

— The End.

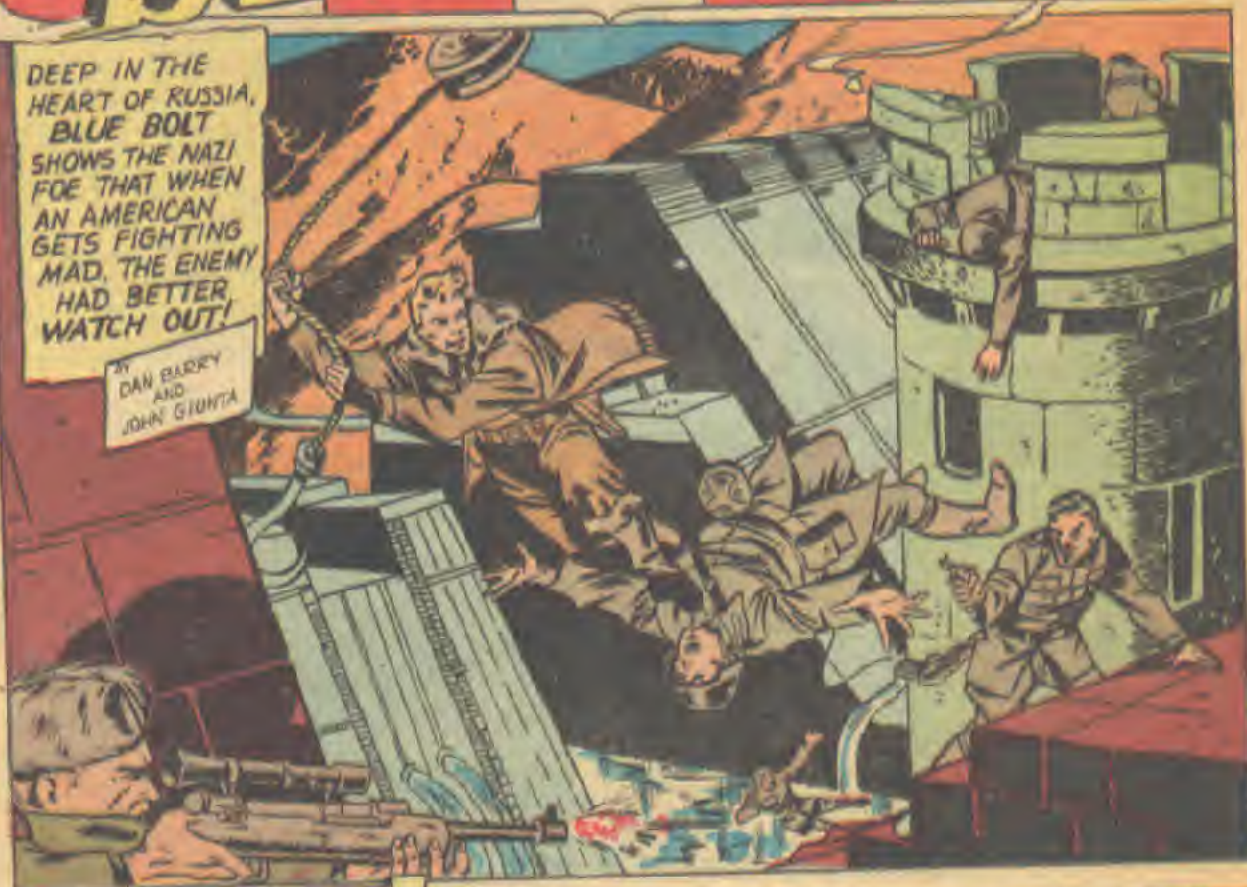


# BLUE BOLT

## THE AMERICAN

DEEP IN THE  
HEART OF RUSSIA,  
BLUE BOLT  
SHOWS THE NAZI  
FOE THAT WHEN  
AN AMERICAN  
GETS FIGHTING  
MAD, THE ENEMY  
HAD BETTER  
WATCH OUT!

BY  
DAN BARRY  
AND  
JOHN GIUNTA



AT RUSSIAN HEADQUARTERS,  
SOMEWHERE BEHIND THE  
ADVANCING LINES...

UNDOUBTEDLY, THE SECRETY  
OF THIS MISSION IS WELL  
IMRESSED ON  
YOUR MIND,  
LIEUTENANT BLUE BOLT.

YES,  
SIR, THAT  
IS WHY YOU  
ARE NOT  
DISPATCHING IT  
THROUGH THE  
REGULAR CHANNELS.



PRECISELY! NOW,  
BE OFF- AND  
GOOD LUCK!

YES,  
SIR!

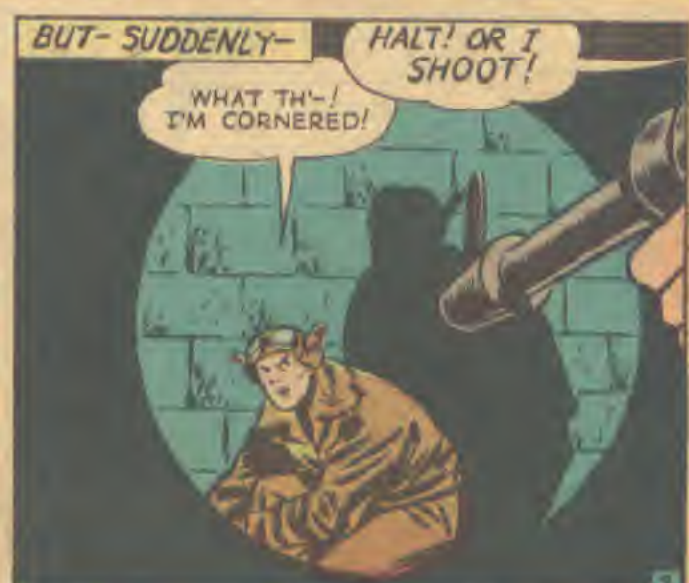


BLUE BOLT TAKES OFF IN A  
TWO-SEATER.

THIS DISPATCH MUST BE  
IN THE HANDS OF GUERRILLA  
UNIT LEADER NUMBER  
NINE BY TEN O'CLOCK  
TONIGHT











BUT,  
COMRADE  
KOVI, HE  
WEARS THE  
UNIFORM OF THE  
RED EAGLE.





SUPPOSE YOUR MEN WERE TO PASS OVER THE DAM DISGUISED AS RETREATING GERMAN SOLDIERS!

AH, YOU HAVE THE ANSWER! A BOLD STROKE!

KOVI! MESLE! MAKE! ROUND UP YOUR MEN-TONIGHT WE RAID THE FOE!

AAAH...

SHORTLY AFTER THE RUSSIANS ARE ON THE MARCH.

OUR SCOUTS REPORT A GERMAN COLUMN RETREATING THROUGH THE VOLNA PASS!

I UNDERSTAND!

AND, AT THE FOOT OF THE HILL—DISPERSE, MEN! THE ENEMY APPROACHES!

YOU BOYS SURE KNOW YOUR BUSINESS!

THE SOLEMN, DEFEATED GERMAN COLUMN TRUDGES ALONG, UNAWARE OF THE IMPENDING ATTACK!

IT ISS TOO BAD DOT VE KEEP RETREATINK!

SHOD OP, HEINDRICH! EVERY TIME I HEAR DOT YORD, "RETREAT," I SHODDER!

NOW, COMRADE KOVI!  
AH, TOVARICH!

KOVI LIFTS HIS AXE, SWINGS ONCE, AND...





ACH! VASS  
IST?

A  
BARRICADE!

**CRASH!**



THE RUSSIANS OPEN FIRE WITH ANNIHILATING RESULTS!



FIVE BLOOD-SOAKED MINUTES  
PASS-THEN...

THAT IS  
ALL, SIR!

GOOD! HAVE  
THE MEN DRESS IN  
THE NAZI UNIFORMS.  
THEN CLEAR THE  
ROAD.

FOR YOU, COMRADE  
BLUE BOLT, THE FORMER  
OWNER SHOULD BE  
HONORED!

THANK  
YOU, SIR!

THE CAPTURED MOTORIZED  
COLUMN DRIVES ON WITH ITS  
OCCUPANTS.

THERE'S  
PRENTOVSKITCHI!

SAY- THAT'S  
SOME PIECE OF  
ENGINEERING!



THE TRUCKS ARE  
THE RIGHT DISTANCE  
APART.

AND  
WE  
APPROACH  
THE CONTROL  
TOWER. IT IS TIME  
TO ATTACK!



OKAY! LET  
'EM HAVE IT!















# KRISKO and JASPER

WE'VE BEEN A-SLEEPIN' SO LONG  
THAT I'M PLUMB SLEPT OUT-  
AND IT'S STILL NIGHT.

KRISKO AND JASPER HAVE LOST  
THEIR "TWO-MAN BATTLE  
WAGON" AND ARE NOW SOME-  
WHERE UP IN THE FROZEN  
NORTH.

THEY'VE BEEN TELLING THE  
CHIEF OF THE TRIBE ABOUT  
THE ENJOYABLE PASTIME  
OF HUNTING NIPS- AND  
THE CHIEF SEEMS TO  
LIKE THE IDEA.



MY HUNTERS COME- WE GO NOW AND  
CHASE NIPS WITH OUR WHITE  
BROTHERS, YOU COME!



BRING ON YOUR ARMY, CHIEF. I'LL SHOW  
YOU HOW TO SLAP THE JAP  
BAPPIES!



BEACH YOUR BATTLE WAGONS  
AND FOLLOW ME- I'LL GO  
AHEAD AND DO SOME  
SCOUTIN'



I HOPE I SEE WHAT  
I THINK I'LL SEE-  
WHEN I LOOK OVER  
TH' TOP OF THIS  
ICEBERG!

NOW WHAT'S THE  
LITTLE SQUIRT  
GOT FIGGERED  
THIS TIME?





















# FEARLESS FELLERS



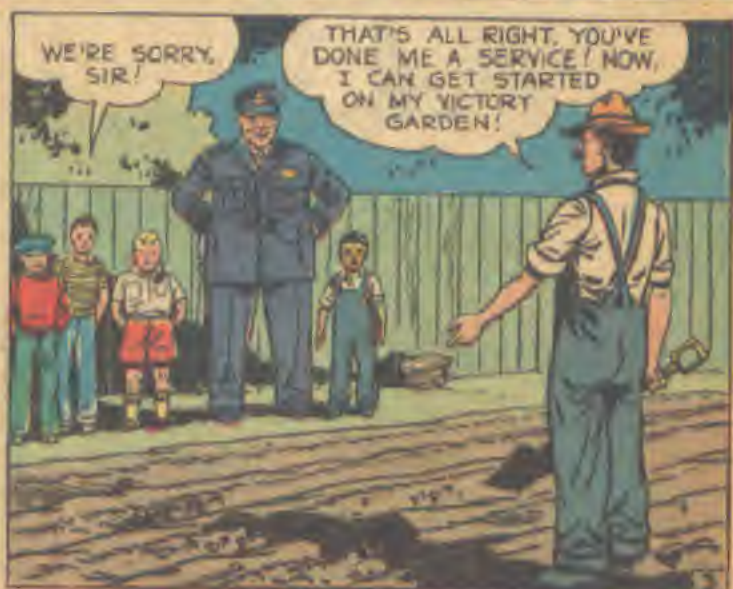
THE FEARLESS FELLERS CLUB POOLS ITS FUNDS TO BUY A NEW FOOTBALL. PUDGE GETS THE FIRST KICK, HAVING PAID FOR THE LARGEST SHARE OUT OF HIS ALLOWANCE. UNFORTUNATELY PUDGE PUTS A LOT OF WEIGHT BEHIND THE KICK AND...





















# SUB-ZERO



A DANGEROUS PLOT TO BLOW UP A MUNITIONS PLANT IS "PUT ON ICE" BY SUB-ZERO AND, ONCE AGAIN, THE SABOTEURS ARE OUTWITTED!

SUB-ZERO SEES FREEZUM OFF ON THE TRAIN WHEN THE BOY LEAVES TO WORK ON A FARM, WITH HIS SCHOOLMATES, FOR THE SUMMER.

HOPE YOU'LL LIKE BEING A FARMER, FREEZUM!

HO! ME MAKE PLENTY HAY WHILE SUN SHINES!

SO LONG, FREEZUM-- SEE YOU IN THE FALL!

'BYE, ZERO! IF I NEED HELP, I CALL YOU!









SOMETHING MIGHTY FUNNY  
GOING ON--- A STOLEN TRAIN  
THAT WAS SUPPOSED TO  
HAVE A SOLDIER GUARD---  
MUST BE CARRYING  
PRETTY PRECIOUS  
CARGO!



OH-HO! AN ARMY SEAL ON  
THESE DOORS! I'LL BET THIS  
BUGGY IS CARRYING  
EXPLOSIVES- OR ARMY  
SUPPLIES OF SOME  
SORT!



GUESS I'D  
BETTER PAY A  
LITTLE 'BUSINESS'  
CALL ON A COUPLE  
OF MUSS!



MEANWHILE, IN THE CAB...

WELL, LEO- YOU  
SEE, IT WAS  
VERY EASY TO  
TAKE OVER  
THE TRAIN!



WE NEED  
MORE PRESSURE,  
ERNST--- FIRE  
HER!

JA-- BUT  
DER  
BOILERS  
HISS  
LIKE MAD.  
NOW, ALREADY!



WE'LL PULL ONTO DE  
SIDING OF DE  
PLYMOUTH  
PLANT UND---



UND VE CRASH DER  
TRAIN INTO DER  
BUILDING ---  
**BOOM!**  
NO MORE FACTORY!



FIRST, I GO BACK UND  
SEE DOT NO SOLDIERS  
GOT ON BY MISTAKE!  
TAKE OVER,  
ERNST!

JA--- FIRE A  
SHOT IF YOU  
NEED US



THIS WAS ALMOST  
TOO EASY TO DO---  
HEY?! WHO IS  
DAT?







CATCHING HIS BALANCE, SUB-ZERO LEAPS THROUGH THE INTERVENING SPACE AND--







NOW, TO GET THOSE OTHER FELLOWS IN THE ENGINE CAB!



SUB-ZERO LEAPS SWIFTLY INTO THE CAB!

ALL RIGHT, CHUMPS... THE GAME IS OVER!

WHA-? I'LL GET HIM!



HANDS UP, FOOL! WHAT HAVE YOU DONE WITH LUTHER?

LUTHER?- PERHAPS THAT WAS THE FELLOW I TOSSED OFF ABOUT FIVE MILES BACK!

WHAT? LUTHER IS GONE?



SUDDENLY, A BOLT OF ICE FLASHES FROM SUB-ZERO'S FINGERS!

YES- AND IF I HAVE ANY TROUBLE WITH YOU TWO, I'LL DO THE SAME TO YOU!

OW! ICE!



NOW, YOU NAZI TRAMP, WHY DID YOU WAYLAY THIS TRAIN? WHAT ARE YOU UP TO?

STOP! STOP! I TELL YOU!



WE'RE GOING TO SWITCH OFF AT THE PLYMOUTH MUNITIONS PLANT SIDING AND CRASH IT!

I SEE-- MORE BIG NAZI PLANS!



JA, AND IT'S TOO LATE TO STOP US! WE'RE ON THE SIDING NOW- IN ONE MINUTE THIS TRAIN WILL SMASH INTO A STALLED BOX CAR...

COME ON- JUMP! STOP WASTING TIME!





YOU'RE RIGHT... OKAY,  
JUMP! I'LL FIX YOU  
TWO LATER!



THE THREE MEN LEAP!

DON'T TRY RUNNING  
OR I'LL FREEZE  
YOU DEAD!

HA! BUT YOU  
CANNOT STOP  
US FROM  
RUINING THE  
PLANT!

THE RACING LOCOMOTIVE FLOWS THROUGH  
THE BOX CAR BUT... THERE IS NO EXPLOSION!



**CRASH**



WHA... WHO  
UNCOUPLED  
THE TRAIN?

OUR PLAN—  
YOU DESTROYED  
OUR PLAN!

THAT'S  
WHY I  
WASN'T  
TOO  
WORRIED!



I UNHOOKED  
THE CARS  
SEVERAL  
MILES BACK!

WHY—  
YOU FILTHY  
AMERICAN!

QUIET,  
YOU NAZIS!



TAKE THEM AWAY... OH, YES!  
THERE'S ANOTHER ONE  
BACK ALONG THE  
MAIN LINE. BUT  
HE'S PROBABLY  
DEAD!

WE'LL TAKE  
CARE OF  
THEM—YOU  
MAKE A REPORT  
ON THIS TO  
THE OFFICE!



SOME TIME LATER...

HMM... THOSE SABOTEURS  
WILL GET THE CHAIR.  
I BET FREEZUM  
WILL BE MAD TO HAVE  
MISSED THE EXCITEMENT!

WE WONDER HOW FARMER  
FREEZUM IS MAKING OUT.  
WELL, THE NEXT  
"SUE OF BLUE BOLT"  
WILL BE ON THE  
STANDS IN  
A MONTH.



# STAMP COLLECTING

By Eugene L. Pollock

## NORWAY'S FREE ISLAND

Ever since the greatest war in history began in 1939 there have been many articles in magazines and newspapers and on the radio about the North, Central and South American colonies of the European nations. Much of the writing has been about the possessions of defeated France, while the lands of the British and Dutch have also had their share of the limelight. Nowhere, however, has there been much, if anything, about Norway's island colony in the South Atlantic Ocean, three hundred miles off the coast of South America.



Map of Falkland and Robert Islands

The only Western Hemisphere possession of Norway is called Bouvet Island. It is very small in area, with but two villages inhabited by seal fishers and sheep herders. Until 1928 Bouvet Island belonged to the British-owned Falkland Islands, but was ceded, or given, to the Norwegians as a token of England's friendship. This gift was more than repaid when the brave people of Norway resisted Nazi occupation of their country in 1940 with everything they had. Today the ships of the Norwegian navy and men of the army are fighting alongside the fleets and armies of the United Nations.

Hundreds of miles to the south of still free Bouvet Island is Peter I Island, too near the South Pole for even the hardy Norwegians to colonize. Both areas, as with Norway's other possessions near the European mainland, use the postage stamps of the mother country. Until the war broke out a ship arrived at Bouvet Island but four times a year. It brought mail and manufactured articles in exchange for whale oil, seal skin and wool. Now that Norway is temporarily in enemy hands, Bouvet Islanders rarely see a ship except for the United Nations' naval patrol.

The Falkland Islands themselves have attracted the eyes of many nations. They were discovered in 1592 by a little-known British explorer, but went unclaimed until sailors from a passing Dutch ship landed to obtain drinking water. The flag of the Netherlands was unfurled and the ground declared the property of the Crown. But no attempt was made to colonize the territory. To this day some Dutch maps are still in use showing the islands as a Netherlands colonial possession.



Peter I Island

## 16 PAN AMERICAN SETS—10c

The United States Postal Service has announced that it will issue a series of 16 Pan American postage stamps, each 10c, in the near future. The stamps will be issued in a series of four groups of four stamps each. The first group will be issued in the near future, the second group in the near future, the third group in the near future, and the fourth group in the near future.

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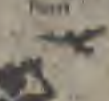
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